

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

A Classical Tour through Italy and Sicily; tending to illustrate some Districts which have not been described by Mr. Eustace, in his Classical Tour. By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. 4to. pp. 557. London, 1819.

WHOEVER has read the Classical Tour of the lamented Eustace, will learn with pleasure that the grand design which he had contemplated, of continuing his travels in the interior of Italy, so unfortunately terminated by the hand of Fate, has devolved on an individual so able to do it justice as Sir Richard Colt Hoare. This gentleman, who happily unites the ardent spirit of an antiquary with a fervent love of modern art, has spent five years in visiting districts little known and unexplored by modern travellers, quitting the road for the path, and the capitals for the provinces; and, as his principal object has been to 'fill up those gaps' that Mr. Eustace had left open, he has, in this work, been cautious in not treading over the same ground; the views with which he travelled will best appear by a passage in the preface:—

'The object particularly pointed out to us in Italy, is the recollection of former times, and a comparison of those times with the present; to restore to our minds the classical studies of our youth; to visit those places recorded in history as the residences of illustrious characters of antiquity, or rendered interesting by historical facts and anecdotes; to admire and reflect upon those remains of polished architecture and sculpture, which the hand of Time has fortunately spared; and to trace the progress of painting, from the arid schools of Giotto and Cimabue, to the more perfect studies of Raphael, Correggio, and the Caracci.'

A traveller, with such views, and possessing the talents of our author, could not fail of obtaining for himself much gratification, and of reaping an abundant harvest of information, which, in the volume before us, he has given to the public; for the present, we will not stop to give any opinions on the literary merits of this work; and it would far exceed the limits of a review, to follow the author to the interesting relics of antiquity which he notices, or the historical facts connected with them which he details; our extracts from this valuable work will, therefore, be unconnected and desultory.

The work commences with a 'Journal of a Tour from Siena to the Maremma, Volterra, Populonia, Isle of Elba, Piombino, and Grosseto.' On entering the city gates of Siena, the traveller is greeted with these cordial words, '*cor magis tibi sena pandit.*' This city, situated among the Apennines, is healthy, and is the most eligible summer residence in Italy; its society is agreeable and unaffected, and the purity of its language and accent is proverbial. As a school of early painting, Siena disputes precedence with Florence; and there is a painting in the church of St. Domenico, by Guido da Siena, who was born in

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1191. Many excellent fresco paintings are dispersed about the city, and, in the *duomo*, or cathedral church, which is one of the finest buildings in Italy, are many valuable paintings. This church occupies the site of a heathen temple dedicated to the goddess Minerva, and was consecrated for Christian worship in 1169; the choir is faced with black and white marble, of which material the pulpit is also made, and the façade towards the hospital is executed after the design of Nicols da Pisa, by the three sculptors, Lapo, Donato, and Goro, who, on that account, were declared citizens of Siena:—

'The particular curiosity of which this church may justly boast, is its elegant mosaic pavement. Duccio, of Siena, in 1350, began that part of it which is beneath the altar of St. Ansano. In 1424, the pavement, under the three steps of the high altar, representing David, Sampson, Moses, Judas, Maccabeus, and Joshua, was completed; and, forty years afterwards, Matteo da Siena proceeded to embellish the part, under the altar, of the crucifix, with the history of the martyrdom of the Innocents. The twelve sybills were added in 1483; and, in 1500, Domenico Beccafumi, *alias* Mecarino, completed this magnificent pavement, by executing the middle part, next the pulpit.'

In the Giorgi Palace, at Volterra, is a collection of valuable specimens of Etruscan workmanship—

'One fragment is singular. It represents Polyphemus, with two eyes, in the act of raising a rock to hurl at Ulysses and his companions, who are sailing away in their vessel. This novelty, which may, perhaps, be ascribed to the inadvertence of the workman, has caused much literary discussion, and given birth to a learned treatise. The figure of Polyphemus is well sculptured.'

'In the Casa Guarucci, is a celebrated statue of Hercules, by Glycon, of Athens, whose name appears on the pedestal. The legs, arms, feet, and lower parts of the belly, are in the exquisite style of Grecian sculpture; the muscles strongly marked, and characteristic of the hero and the deity. The head and breast are inferior in every respect. The head appears antique, but, from the style and its diminutive proportions, compared with the body, it certainly could not have originally belonged to the *torso*.'

Some good works of the Florentine School are to be found in the churches; in St. Chiara, is an altar-piece by Franceschini, allowed to be his best work. The figure of St. John is very fine; after finishing this picture, Franceschini repaired to Rome to study, and, on his return, reviewing it, he was so satisfied as to exclaim, '*Tu sei bella!*' Thou art indeed fine:—

'The prison or dungeon, called *Il Mustio*, merits a visit. The lower cells are completely horrible. In one of these the Conte Felcini was immured fifteen years. The bricks are worn where he was accustomed to walk. On seeing these receptacles, the present Grand Duke exclaimed that they were not sufficiently horrible for hell, but too horrible for a prison,—*Poco per l'inferno; ma troppo per prigione*. Since that time, no one has been confined in them. This prison was erected in the time of Cosmo de Medici; and being si-

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tuated on the most elevated ground, it commands the noblest view of the surrounding country, while it forms the best and principal object at a distance.'

We pass over our author's visit to the Isle of Elba, as he has already given a work to the public on the subject, and the temporary residence of Bonaparte on the island elicited much information as to its antiquities and curiosities. A note, said to be written one hour before the news of Bonaparte's escape reached our author, intimates that 'the danger of keeping so powerful a neighbour near the coast of Italy may hereafter suggest some new place of removal and exile:' this was prophetic enough. The treatment of the soldiery at Porto Lungone, in Elba, is so hard that numbers desert, and a single anecdote will prove that their hardships must be excessive:—

'A soldier deserted, and was taken at Porto Ferrajo. When brought before a magistrate, to be delivered to the Neapolitan officers, he acknowledged that he had committed a murder in Tuscany; and alleged, as a reason for this voluntary confession, that he had rather serve as a galley slave in Tuscany, than as a soldier at Porto Lungone.'

The journey from Rome to Benaventum, on the Appian way, presented numerous vestiges of antiquity worthy the notice of the intelligent traveller; monuments flank its sides through the Campagna as far as Albano, in great variety of plan as well as architecture, and the Appian way seems to have been considered as the most distinguished site for interment. There are two concomitant appendages to the Roman ways; the milestones, generally moulded into a columnar shape, and serving as monitors to the traveller of his progress, generally bear an inscription denoting the distance from the *milliarium aureum*, or golden milestone, that was placed in the Forum, and which is thus mentioned by Suetonius: 'ubi stabat columna aurea, in qua incisæ omnes Italiae viæ finiunt.' The second appendage to the Roman ways, were the *cippi*, being inserted at certain intervals within the parapet, and elevated above it; these were found useful for mounting on horseback, laying down burthens, &c. &c. Some account of the construction of the Roman roads cannot be deemed uninteresting:—

'In forming these Roman roads, of which the traveller will see so many fine specimens throughout Italy, and more especially on the tract over which I shall now conduct him, the first process was to mark out the course of the intended road, which was invariably (in every country where the Romans had a footing) carried in as straight a line as the nature of the country would admit; the soil was then excavated, in order to procure a solid foundation, the want of which was remedied by piles. The sides of the causeway were then flanked by two strong walls, which served as a support to the road, and as a parapet, or *trottoir*, for the benefit of travellers. The shell of the road being thus formed, the excavated space, or the *fossa*, was filled up with various layers of stone, cemented together by a kind of earth called *puzzolana*, which has the property of hardening almost equal to marble. Of this earth a mortar was composed, on which was placed an upper stratum of large flat stones, which were formed to a point at bottom. By these precautions, and the nice method adopted in uniting them on the surface, they were so firmly linked together, as to become almost one stone. The stones selected for the upper covering of the Roman roads are of a dark grey hue, resembling those formed by volcanic matter; which has induced some authors to suppose that the Romans, who, in the performance of any grand national work, never considered either expense or difficulty, had transported the stones, designed for the Appian way, from some distant pro-

vince, or perhaps from the neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius, or Puzzuoli; but their opinion has been contradicted by others, who have discovered quarries of a similar stone in various parts of the Campagna. The *Via Flaminia*, *Cassia*, and *Aurelia*, being formed with similar materials, we cannot suppose that the Romans would have resorted to so distant a province as that in which Vesuvius is situate for the transport of stones.'

The sepulchral memorials discovered on the line of the Appian way are very numerous; most of them are of common place construction; but one, dug up while our author was at Rome, dedicated by a *libertus* to his *conlibertus* a fellow-freeman, varies so much from the others that it is worthy of record:—

'It was intended to perpetuate the memory of A. MEMMIUS CLARVS, by A. MEMMIUS VRBANVS, his dear *conlibertus* and *consoro*; who thus exclaims, "I am not conscious, my dearest *conlibertus*, that any dispute hath ever arisen betwixt us; under this title I call the superior and inferior gods to witness, that we both served together in slavery, were made free under one roof, nor could we ever have been parted asunder but by this thy fatal day."

A. MEMMIO CLARO A. MEMMIUS VRBANUS
CONLIBERTO IDEM CONSORTI CARISSIMO SIBI
INTER ME ET TE SANCTISSIME MI CONLIBERTE NULLUM
UNQUAM DISJURGIUM FUISSE, CONSCIUS SUM MIHI HOC
QUOQUE TITULO SUPEROS ET INFEROS TESTOR DEOS
UNA ME TE CUM CONGRESSUM IN VENALICIO UNA DOMO
LIBEROS ESSE FACTOS NEQUE ULLUS UNQUAM NOS DIS-
JUNXISSET, NISI HIC TUUS FATALIS DIES.'

It is well observed, that in travelling in this classical country, the pleasure is very considerably enhanced by the recollection of those events that transpired on some spots, and which have been thought worthy of record in the annals of history; and thus many a situation, otherwise unworthy of attention, becomes in the highest degree interesting, and even the infectious marshes of Minturnæ claim some attention from the traveller when he recollects that to these marshes the unfortunate Caius Marcius, the proud victor of Carthage, fled for secrecy. The history of this renowned warrior is so interesting that we do not hesitate to insert it:—

'During the intestine divisions with which Rome was agitated, in the year of Rome 664, Marius and Sylla were the great rivals for supreme power. Fortune at this period favoured the latter, and Marius was obliged to fly from Rome. He pursued his voyage along the coast of Italy, and, on passing by Terracina, he desired the mariners to keep clear of that place, being apprehensive of falling into the hands of one Geminius, a leading man in that district. Overtaken by a storm, and Marius being indisposed, they determined to make land, and with great difficulty got to Cir-cæum,* where they suffered much from want of provisions. The land was their enemy, the sea was the same; it was dangerous to encounter men; it was dangerous also not to meet with them, because of their extreme want of provisions. In the evening they were cautioned to depart by some herdsmen, who recognized Marius, and informed him that a body of horsemen were riding about in search of him. After wandering among the woods, and nearly famished, he moved down to the sea side, encouraging his attendants not to forsake him; and they were at no great distance from the city of Minturnæ, when they observed, at a considerable distance, a troop of horse coming towards them; and, at the same time, two barks appeared sailing near them; upon which they ran down to the sea shore, plunged into the sea, and swam to-

* Monte Circello, which I visited during a former tour, in the year 1786.

wards the ships, into one of which Marius was with difficulty lifted. The party of horse soon reached the coast, and called the ship's crew either to put ashore, or to throw Marius overboard. The masters of the vessels, after much entreaty and deliberation, agreed not to deliver up Marius; upon which the soldiers rode off in a great rage, and the sailors made for land. They cast anchor at the mouth of the river Liris, where it overflows and forms a marsh; then advised Marius to refresh himself on shore till the wind became more favourable. But the crew never re-appeared, and the vessel sailed away, thinking it neither honourable to deliver up Marius, nor safe to protect him.

Thus, deserted by all the world, he sat a good while on the shore in silent stupefaction; at length, recovering himself, he rose, and walked disconsolate, through a wild and marshy country, till he reached an old man's cottage. Throwing himself at his feet, he requested shelter and an asylum from impending danger. The cottager replied, "that his hut would be sufficient, if he sought only repose; but if he was wandering to elude the search of his enemies, he would hide him in a place much safer and more retired." Marius desiring him to do so; the old-man took him into the fens, to a place of secrecy, and covered him with a quantity of reeds.

But these obliging precautions did not escape the vigilance of his pursuers, who threatened the cottager for having concealed an enemy of the Romans. Marius being disturbed by a tumultuous noise from the cottage, and suspecting the cause, quitted his cavern, and, having stripped himself, plunged into the marsh; from whence his pursuers hauled him out, carried him to Minturnæ, and delivered him up to the magistrates; who, after some deliberation, finally decided that Marius should be put to death. No citizen would undertake this office; a Gaul, or a Cimbrian, proceeded, sword in hand, to dispatch his victim. The chamber in which Marius was confined was gloomy, and a light, they say, glanced from the eye of Marius upon the face of the assassin, while, at the same time, a solemn voice exclaimed, "Dost thou dare to kill Marius?" Upon which the soldier threw down his sword and fled, crying, "I cannot kill Marius."

The people of Minturnæ were struck with astonishment; pity and remorse ensued. Should they put to death the preserver of Italy? Was it not even a disgrace to them that they did not contribute to his relief? Let the exile go, said they, and await his destiny in some other region! It is time we should deprecate the anger of the gods for having refused the poor naked wanderer the common privileges of hospitality! Under the influence of this enthusiasm they immediately conducted him to the sea-coast. Yet, in the midst of their expedition, an unforeseen delay was occasioned, for the *Sylva Marica*, or Marician Grove, was held so sacred, that nothing entering it was suffered to be removed; and to go round it would be tedious. At last an old man of the company exclaimed, "that no place, however religious, was inaccessible, if it could contribute to the safety of Marius:" upon which he took some of the baggage in his hand, and marched directly through the grove. His companions followed with the same alacrity, and when Marius came to the sea coast, he found a vessel in readiness to receive him.

After having driven about by the violence of the winds to various islands, he at length landed at Carthage, where he was immediately thus accosted by an officer, "Marius, the Præto Sextilius forbids you to set foot in Africa." Marius on hearing this was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but stood regarding the officer with a menacing aspect. At length when he was asked "what answer he should carry back to the governor?" "Tell him," said the unfortunate man, with a deep sigh, "that thou hast seen the exiled Marius, sitting upon the ruins of Carthage;" thus in the happiest manner proposing the fate of that city, and his own, as warnings to the prætor.

(To be continued.)

Don Juan. 4to, pp. 227. London, 1819.

(Concluded from our last.)

DON JUAN's first amour having been disposed of in the first canto of the poem, and preparations made for his travels, while Donna Julia is sent to a convent, the noble bard (for in this part he clearly identifies himself) indulges in invectives on the reviewers, accusing the British Review of corruption, and alludes to a former work of his, the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. It is lamentable to hear a nobleman, born to rank and fortune, and possessing talents of so high an order, thus lamenting the miserable life to which his wayward disposition has led him:—

'But now at thirty years my hair is gray—

(I wonder what it will be like at forty?

I thought of a peruke the other day)

My heart is not much greener, and, in short, I

Have squander'd my whole summer, while 'twas May,

And feel no more the spirit to retort;

Have spent my whole life, both interest and principal,

And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me

The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,

Which out of all the lovely things we see

Extracts emotions beautiful and new,

Hiv'd in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee;

Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?

Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power,

To double even the sweetness of a flower.

* * * * *

My days of love are over, me no more

The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,

Can make the fool of which they made before,

In short, I must not lead the life I did do;

The credulous hope of mutual mind is o'er,

The copious use of claret is forbid too,

So for a good old gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken

Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure;

And the two last have left me many a token,

O'er which reflection may be made at leisure;

Now like Friar's Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,

"Time is, time was, time's past," a chimeric treasure

Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—

My heart in passion and my head on rhymes.'

From a passage towards the conclusion of the first Canto of *Don Juan*, it would appear, that it was intended to have been published alone; another Canto has, however, been added, which also contains its amour, though less objectionable than the preceding one. *Don Juan* having been sent on his travels, embarks at Cadiz, and quickly encounters a storm, which threatens his destruction; a detailed account of the effect of sea-sickness possesses no novelty, and is much more disgusting than humorous. The description of the storm is somewhat tedious, and not in the author's happiest manner; the vessel, after being tossed on the tempestuous ocean, at last sinks head foremost.

'Then rose from sea to sky, the wild farewell;

Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;

Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,

And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,

And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.'

Don Juan and his tutor, Pedrillo, with about thirty others, saved themselves in the boats, while the rest, nearly two hundred souls, perished with the wreck. The attachment to life, which every human being feels in the midst of the greatest miseries, is well expressed, and the truism in the second stanza, is one, which more noble lords than our bard have experienced:—

'Tis very certain, the desire of life
 Prolongs it; this is obvious to physicians,
 When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
 Survive through very desperate conditions;
 Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
 Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:
 Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
 And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

'Tis said, that persons living on annuities,
 Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,
 Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,
 That some, I really think, *do* never die;
 Of any creditor, the worst, a Jew it is,
 And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply;
 In my young days, they lent me cash that way,
 Which I found very troublesome to pay.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
 They live upon the love of life, and bear
 More than can be believed, or ever thought,
 And stand like rocks, the tempests' wear and tear;
 And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
 Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there:
 She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
 Like the first old Greek privateer—the *Argo*.'

Their wine and provisions being all consumed, the crew first ate Don Juan's spaniel, then cast lots who should be sacrificed, when it fell on Pedrillo, who was bled to death, (agreeable to his own wish,) and devoured by all the crew, Don Juan and three or four excepted—those who had eat human food, went mad and died; in short, Don Juan alone was saved, and that by swimming ashore:—

'There breathless, with his digging nails he clung
 Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
 From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
 Should suck him back to her insatiate grave;
 And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
 Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
 With just enough of life to feel its pain,
 And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.'

Here he was found by a lovely young female of seventeen, and her attendant; she was called Haidee, the only daughter of a Greek, who, by fishing and smuggling, had acquired 'an ill-gotten million of piastres.' The females fearing to take Don Juan home, placed him in a cave, and provided him with refreshment. The next day, Haidee and Zoe visited him:—

'For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day,
 On the snow-tops of distant hills; the streak
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
 Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and weak;
 And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
 Which weigh'd upon them, yet all damp and salt,
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
 Hush'd as the babe upon his mother's breast,
 Droop'd as the willow, when no winds can breathe,
 Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
 Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
 Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

'He 'woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
 But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
 Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
 Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
 For woman's face was never form'd in vain for
 Juan, so that even when he pray'd
 He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
 To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

Haidee addressed Don Juan in Greek:—

Now Juan could not understand a word,
 Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
 And her voice was the warble of a bird,
 So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
 That finer simpler music ne'er was heard;
 The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
 Without knowing why,—an overpowering tone,
 Whence melody descends as from a throne.

And Juan gazed as one who is awake
 By a distant organ, doubting if he be
 Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
 By the watchman, or some such reality,
 Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
 At least it is a heavy sound to me,
 Who like a morning slumber,—for the night
 Shows stars and women in a better light'

Haidee's eloquence, (in language at least,) was all lost on Don Juan, but at length they read the language of each other's heart in their eyes; and this our author thus beautifully expresses:—

'And then she had recourse to nods and signs,
 And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking eye,
 And read, (the only book she could,) the lines
 Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,
 The answer eloquent, where the soul shines
 And darts, in one quick glance, a long reply;
 And thus in every look she saw exprest
 A world of words, and things at which she guess'd.

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
 And words repeated after, he took
 A lesson in her tongue? but by surmise,
 No doubt, less of her language than her look:
 As he who studies fervently the skies
 Turns oftener to the stars than to his book
 Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
 From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
 By female lips and eyes; that is, I mean,
 When both the teacher and the taught are young,
 As was the case, at least, where I have been;
 They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
 They smile still more, and then there intervene,
 Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss,—
 I learn'd the little that I know by this.'

A succeeding stanza is strongly characteristic of the author:—

'As for the ladies, I have nought to say,
 A wanderer from the British world of fashion,
 Where I, like other dogs, have had my day,
 Like other men too, may have had my passion;
 But that, like other things, has pass'd away;
 And all her fools whom I could lay the lash on,

Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me
But dreams of what has been, no more to be.'

The growing attachment of the youthful pair is powerfully depicted, and the following we think some of the best stanzas in the poem:—

'An infant, when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living;
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving;
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and proved,
Hush'd into depths beyond the watcher's diving
There lies the thing we love with all its errors,
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

The lady watch'd her lover,—and that hour
Of love's and night's and ocean's solitude
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude,
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of their's upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone;
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is their's, what they inflict they feel.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage,—and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

* * * * *
Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this;
Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen; what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing, she had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*.

* * * * *
And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallowed and united,
Their priest was solitude, and they were wed;
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth a paradise.'

Whether Don Juan made a good husband, or abandoned Haidee for some new amour, we are not told, but suppose this must form the subject of a third canto should the public show a taste sufficiently *pure* to call for it. Assuming that this poem is by Lord Byron, and in addition to

the evidence already furnished in support of such an assertion, we may mention his allusion to the narrative of his ancestor, Admiral Byron, and to a youthful feat of his lordship, where speaking of Don Juan's swimming, he says—

'He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once, (a feat on which ourselves we prided,)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.'

We say, assuming Don Juan to be by Lord Byron, we cannot but remark how much it is inferior to his lordship's former productions; as a satire, it falls much short of one of his early works—his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*; as a work of humour, it is infinitely beneath *Beppo*, though in the same style; and were there no other circumstances to make us regret the voluntary exile of the noble bard from his native country, it is, that in the luxuries of Venice, (where we believe he at present resides,) his morals and his muse are becoming equally sufferers. The very subject of this tale is censurable, but particularly so when it is made the vehicle of indecent allusions, *double entendres*, and a mockery of religion; that there are many beautiful passages in it we admit, but they will but ill compensate for the many objections that may justly be made to it.

.....
'*Don John; or, Don Juan unmasked; being a Key to the Mystery attending that remarkable Publication; with a Descriptive View of the Poem, and Extracts.* 8vo. pp. 40. London, 1819.

WHEN we first saw the mysterious advertisement of, 'In a few days, *Don Juan*,' followed by an announcement of 'Don John,' we thought that some poetical wag, suspecting the author of the former, and knowing the story of the poem, was endeavouring to anticipate it by a close imitation of the style, and thus give us a sort of ante-past of the forthcoming novelty—a literary hoax, resembling that on Wordsworth, by the ingenious author of *Peter Bell*. Whatever opinion we may have of the fairness of such proceeding, there is something so excellent in the joke; and, in the case of *Peter Bell* the absurdities of Wordsworth were so admirably hit off, and his style so closely imitated, that we were compelled to forgive, if not even to admire it.

The *Don John* before us, however, is no such personage; and we half suspect that the 'real Simon Pure' himself has been anticipated, and that this is not the work originally announced under the same title; but this is only conjecture. The author of this pamphlet is delighted to find that Lord Byron should write a profane and indecent poem, and still more so that a government bookseller should publish it; he ridicules and condemns, with some degree of truth, the coquetry that has been adopted in sending it forth to the public; but as to the 'Key to the Mystery,' spoken of in the title, he has only 'kept the word of promise to the ear;' for, with the exception of an assertion that the 'dedication of *Don Juan* to Lord Castlereagh was suppressed by Mr. Murray, from delicacy to ministers,' there is nothing relating to the history of the poem but what the public already knew, nor nearly so much as we stated in our review of last week.

The review of the poem is copious, and ample justice is done to the splendid talents of Lord Byron—of which we are as sensible, and which we are as ready to acknowledge, as warmest of his lordship's admirers. The attack on

Southey, Gifford, and Croker, is uncalled for, and is one of those mistakes so frequently made, that of mixing political opinions with subjects purely literary. The parody on the Ten Commandments, in the poem of Don Juan, is noticed; and it is asked why the publisher, who had omitted many stanzas in the poem, did not suppress this also? We shall insert a short extract from this pamphlet, premising that we do not concede to the whole of its truth; and that, although we do not admire Don Juan, we do not think it such as to call for a government prosecution:—

‘It was reserved for the hardihood of Mr. Murray to usher the poem to the world; and he has done it in despite of every thing which the knot of personages around him affect to hold sacred. No other bookseller who could have read the poem, and pondered upon it—as he has done; and caused it to be read by men of craft and acumen—as he has done; or by men of well-constituted minds—as he might have done; no other man but he who has government support and government writers to back him, dare publish Don Juan as it now stands. Mr. Murray is too ‘respectable’ to fear attack, or even insinuation, for the immoral tendency of the poem. He and his quarto book of two hundred and twenty-seven pages, with only sixteen lines in a page, and a magnificent circumference of margin, and a guinea and a half in price, may defy the Society for the Suppression of vice, and

“The very place where wicked people go.”

‘With what face can the Attorney-General hereafter rise in a court of justice—before an enlightened auditory, and, by information to the court, on behalf of the king, charge a defendant, with publishing impiety, if this government publisher go free of prosecution for a work, which, in the eyes of crown lawyers, must be leprous all over. The last two lines of one stanza* allude to the ‘Unutterable Name,’ with a prophane levity, unsurpassed by any other two lines in the English language. Dare the king’s ministers, who are members of the “Vice Society,” with the society itself at their back, prosecute Mr. Murray?—they dare not!’

The writer of this seems to forget that a libel of a-guinea-and-a-half price can do comparatively little mischief, as it will get into few hands; the French were very sensible of this, and when their severest restrictions were put on the press, and small pamphlets suppressed and prosecuted, works of ten or twenty sheets were always suffered to pass unmolested, whatever might be their nature or tendency.

Mr. Owen's proposed Villages for the Poor shown to be highly favourable to Christianity: in a Letter addressed to William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. 8vo. pp. 20. London, 1819.

MR. OWEN, with a zeal that nothing but a conviction of the truth of his principles could have stimulated, is making the most active efforts to renovate society, and provide a panacea for all the ills past, present, and to come. In furtherance of his object, he spares neither pains nor expense; and aims at all classes, from the congregated sovereigns of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the sheep-shearers at Holkham; to the one he writes memorials, and to the other he exhibits a model of his village, and gives an explanatory lecture. All this is very praise-worthy on the part of Mr. Owen, and although we think his plans would not improve society, yet, at a time when so much distress and depravity exist, the suggestions of the philanthropist (and such we believe Mr. Owen to be) are, at least, entitled to respect.

* ‘Stanza xiv. p. 10.’

We recollect attending one of Mr. Owen's lectures about two years ago, in which he declared his religious opinions very loosely, or rather avowed that he ‘was not of any religion that ever existed in the world:’ this circumstance did more against him than he could recover, and the subject dropped for that time; but he now comes forward again, and, having obtained the sanction of two Royal Dukes, a subscription is opened for carrying his plan into execution. In aid of Mr. Owen, comes the author of the pamphlet before us, who endeavours to prove what we believe Mr. Owen never dreamed of, viz.—that his plan is favourable to Christianity. We perfectly agree with the intelligent author, that ‘the increasing dearth of employment has let loose more alarming evils than schools, bibles, or benevolent institutions had previously removed,’ and that ‘a spirit of dissatisfaction, insubordination, and infidelity, spurred on by actual distress, threaten to involve the nation in confusion and disorder;’ but we cannot, from any statements of Mr. Owen, or from the pamphlet of his benevolent advocate, see how any of these ills are likely to be remedied by a plan, which will completely disorganize society, and deprive individuals of the last stimulus to exertion, a spirit of independence. We should not, however, be against a trial of the plan, with the wretched inmates of some of our workhouses, whose condition we think it might improve. Having said so much on the subject, we shall quote two passages, on the supposed effects that the plan will have on children and adults,—and first on children:—

‘Let us, sir, for a moment follow a child placed in the infant school of one of the proposed villages. At the age of three years he is surrounded with healthful cheerful playmates, about his own age, indulging in all the luxury of good-natured companionship: the superintendant himself, well trained for his situation, inspects all their pursuits and pleasures, and incessantly heightens those pleasures by promoting their union and affection. No quarrel or ill-humour is here found to prevail beyond the moment which gave birth to them, as all their little differences are immediately accommodated by their kind superintendant: so great, indeed, is the influence, which by these legitimate means he acquires over them, that punishment is unheard of.’

On the adult poor, who, though ‘grossly ignorant, inconsistently trained and educated, and consequently the sport of their inclinations and passions,’ Mr. Owen's villages are supposed by our author to have a most beneficial effect:—

‘Let us next, sir, examine what the proposed villages are likely to effect for these same individuals. After having made good the arrangements for enabling them to support themselves, the first and principal object of the village system is to instruct the ignorant: and for this purpose, instead of their present dissipating and intemperate amusements, manly and invigorating sports will be introduced; and the most striking and interesting subjects, adapted to their various tastes and capacities, will be brought forward. And it is now discovered that the phenomena of nature can be so explained, as to appear clear and easy to the most ordinary understandings, while they can be associated with such pure and sublime notions of the Deity, as cannot fail to arouse to a sense of admiration the most careless and unreflecting.’

An account of a society in Pennsylvania, on a similar plan, which is given in this pamphlet, speaks more in favour of Mr. Owen's villages than either himself, or his advocates, but is still by no means conclusive as to any real advantages it possesses on a large scale.

The Priory of Birkenhead; a Tale of the Fourteenth Century. By Thomas Whitby. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1819.

WE have lately had a calculation made of the number of artists in England, which is found to exceed that at any former period considerably, and thus proves, that painting begins to be much more cultivated; the sister art of poetry, if it does not advance equally rapid in its improvement, keeps pace with painting in the number of its votaries; and if a list of living poets, or rather of those who court the 'blessed nine,' could be made out, it would be found infinitely more numerous than is generally expected. We shall be told, perhaps, that all that are worth recording are easily enumerated, but we are of a different opinion, and think, that although public opinion has decided very strongly in favour of three or four individuals, yet there is a vast number behind who are by no means unworthy of notice, and among this class we should insert the name of Mr. Whitby.

The Priory of Birkenhead is a venerable pile, situated on an elevated piece of land, on the Cheshire shore of the River Mersey, and nearly opposite to Liverpool. At the dissolution of monasteries it shared their general fate. In a tale which is affecting and well versified, our author has displayed considerable powers of description, as well as of reflection, and several passages might be selected of great poetical beauty. The charm of the venerable relics of antiquity is well expressed:—

'By fancy led, the minstrel loves to stray
Through cavern'd shades, impervious to the day;
The pointed arch, divested of its door,
The broken staircase and disjointed floor,
The fractur'd wall, on which its wild flow'r blooms,
The lancet windows, and monastic rooms,—
Are objects dear to contemplation's view;
In them she traces charms for ever new;
And thence departs with an unsated zest,
As quits a pensive bird its plunder'd nest.'

The next passage strikes us as a very fine one:—

'He who unmov'd can woman's smile behold,
Betrays a heart insensate, lorn, and cold;
'Tis like that soft and vivifying ray
Which tints each blossom, and drives night away;
Each manly bosom travels with delight,
Whene'er its splendour flashes on the sight;
Oh! 'tis a charm, to sooth our sorrows giv'n,—
A ray divine which emanates from heav'n.'

The next is not less happy or less beautifully expressed:—

'When smiling Spring reanimates the earth,
Each dawning day to varied sweets gives birth;
Bright verdure rises, buds disclose their green,
And opening blossoms decorate the scene:
'Tis so with love,—when wintry doubts subside,
And smiling hope dissolves joy's frozen tide,
Then every day exhibits to the view
Some vernal bud, or blossom fair and new:
Alas! sometimes, light sorrows will prevail,
As verdure droops beneath the gelid gale:
But love, all potent as the vernal ray,
Beams on the heart, and chases care away.
Then flowers of joy their brilliant tints disclose,
The stream of bliss then unobstructed flows;
Each wakeful sense with soft delight is crown'd,
And universal concord reigns around.'

On the whole, we consider this poem as a very pleasing

production; the versification is smooth, and, if it does not often rise to the sublime, it never descends below mediocrity.

The Mariner's Medical Guide; comprising various Diseases, with their general Symptoms and most appropriate Treatment, clearly and plainly stated; also, the different Causes and Preventives of each, depending upon Change of Climate: to which is added, a compendious Plan of a Medicine Chest. The whole designed for the Use of Seamen, or Persons unable to procure Medical Aid. By C. F. Vandeburgh, M. D. Surgeon Royal Navy. 8vo. pp. 334. London, 1819.

ALTHOUGH this volume is professedly written for that numerous and valuable part of the community, seamen engaged in the merchant service, who, exposed to all the varieties of climate and weather, and who, unlike their brethren in the naval service, have no medical attendant at hand; yet, we suspect, there are few classes of society to which it would not be of service. To be able to know a disorder by its early symptoms, and to check its progress in the outset, must be of advantage to every one, but more particularly to those who are some distance from a medical practitioner, which is particularly the case with mariners; the knowledge of this fact has induced Mr. Vandeburgh, who has been thirteen years in the British navy, to compile a treatise which shall explain, in a familiar manner, all that it is necessary that seamen should know respecting the disorders incidental to their mode of life; and he has executed it in a clear and perspicuous manner; he gives the symptoms of the disease, hints on the diet for the sick, preventives against various disorders, very important to observe in cases of contagion; a list of medicines necessary to be taken out to sea, with some instructions on the slight operations which require surgical aid; in all this, physical phraseology, which would have rendered the work useless to all but the initiated, has been avoided, and the language and style admirably adapted to the limited education of those for whom it is most immediately written. Some judicious observations on the ventilation of ships, add to the value of this very useful publication, which should form a part of the library of every captain or master engaged in maritime affairs.

Foreign Literature.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SCIENCES AND THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE.

[While so little encouragement is given to Science and the Arts by the government of this country, that the British Museum cannot purchase a few trifling curiosities without a Committee of the House of Commons being appointed to determine on it, the French Chamber of Deputies have voted a sum of more than £60,000 for promoting the Sciences and Fine Arts: the discussion on this subject is so interesting, and forms so striking a contrast to the niggardly conduct of our own legislature, that we readily give it insertion.]

Chamber of Deputies, Sitting 29 May.—The Chamber passed to the motion for a grant of 1,580,000 francs, (£65,833 6s. 8d. sterling,) for the promotion of the Sciences and Fine Arts.

M. RÔDET proposed a reduction in this grant of 301,000 francs. The hon. member objected particularly to an

item of 200,000 francs for the Royal Library, as extravagant.

M. de Puymartin.—Gentlemen: let us not confound economy with a ridiculous parsimony. The King's Library is one of the most curious monuments existing; it contains 700,000 volumes, and some of the most unique rarities in the world. The ferocious Omar signalized himself by his fury against libraries; be it your glory, gentlemen, who are sensible of all their value, to protect them.

M. Benjamin Constant.—I confess it would be with much regret I should see any retrenchment made in the sum assigned to the King's Library; but I cannot sit silent and hear that economy stigmatized as a ridiculous parsimony, which would save 200,000 francs to the country. What did the illustrious Necker say on a like occasion: 'Remember, gentlemen, that a thousand crowns is the contribution of a whole village.' If, then, we can retrench even a thousand crowns in this grant, let us reflect how many individuals we shall relieve from the hardships of taxation—that, if we can save as much as 200,000 francs, we shall be making, not the fortune of one village alone, but the fortune perhaps of a whole commune. I think there are articles, however, which might better afford room for economy than that of the grant to the Royal Library. I observe there is a charge for the expense of importing marbles from Italy, for the purpose of embellishing the public places. Surely, the present is not a moment for launching into an expense of so truly superfluous a description. I repeat that this is an expense which might, with great propriety, be postponed.

M. Pasquier.—Gentlemen: you have always, on former occasions, expressed your regret that the state of your finances did not permit you to grant more considerable funds to the minister of the interior. You have felt sensible, that the expenses of this department are almost always of a productive nature and consecrated to works of public utility. They serve to encourage agriculture, the sciences, and the fine arts, which have attained a degree of splendour amongst us which France cannot suffer to be tarnished, without sinking in the opinion of the world. An assembly which deliberates upon the interests of a great nation, must bring shame on itself by descending to a niggardly economy in a matter which involves the national glory. The honourable member who preceded me, seems partially to have felt so; he has avowed that he could not see, without regret, the resources of so useful an establishment as the King's Library impaired; but he objects to the expense of importing marbles from Italy—and why?—Because he thinks this is not a moment for such expenditure. I think, on the contrary, quite otherwise. I am convinced, that no time can be unopportune for an expense, the benefit of which is, under all sorts of circumstances, so infallibly certain as this. The cultivation of the fine arts, independently of adding to the splendour of the state and the magnificence of the capital, is in itself an essentially useful and productive branch of industry. I need not tell you how highly they have ranked in the esteem of the greatest of statesmen, who have recognized, in the magnificence of the arts, one of the surest sources of national wealth and prosperity. Yes, gentlemen, the monuments, the statues, the arches, the bridges, which embellish this great capital—the celebrity of your public edifices, of your many noble collections of objects precious to science, to letters, and the arts.—It is these things, gentlemen, which attract the crowds of stran-

gers who enliven the capital, and, by increasing the consumption, animate commerce and industry;—strangers who, after having visited this great city, travel also into your provinces to examine there into your antiquities, your public and private establishments. If you wish, gentlemen, to preserve to the capital of France—to your central city—this powerful source of influence upon foreigners—if you wish that Paris should continue to be, in a manner, the capital of Europe—give to government the means of continuing, still more and more, to dignify and embellish it.

Nor let it be said that these embellishments interest Paris alone—they interest the whole of France, to which they belong. The decoration of your bridges with the effigies of your great men—the erection of statues of your kings in your public places—are as truly matters of national concern as the maintenance of your highways, and other principal means of internal communication, the expenses of which have been always defrayed out of the general funds of the state. There is an essential affinity among all such improvements, and no expense can be usefully laid out on one spot which has not a beneficial influence on points the most remote. I have heard, gentlemen, the subscriptions spoken of, in censure, which the King, in the constant protection which he accords to letters, has made for expensive books, and collections of books, to the public libraries*. Such subscriptions, gentlemen, are most useful and honourable encouragements for letters, for the sciences, and for those who cultivate them. Many productions of the highest importance would never have been able to appear without them. Works of simple amusement are always sure of an abundant sale, among the general mass of readers; but such as have a great character of elevation and ability—which are sometimes the fruits of the sublimest genius—would often fall dead-born from the press, were it not for the fostering protection of an enlightened government.

I cannot, gentlemen, hesitate a moment in believing, that you will vote the whole of the credit demanded for the Sciences and the Arts.

M. Guizot (one of the royal commissioners for the support of the grant).—Gentlemen: The cultivation of the fine arts may, as we have been told, be a matter of luxury; but it is a sort of luxury which, for one, I shall always hold as worthy of encouragement as any branch of mechanical industry whatever; for, in cultivating a taste for the beautiful in art, we engender a taste for all that is most beautiful in morals and ennobling in society.

The honourable member who preceded me has told you, with truth, of other important consequences of that high devotion to the arts, which has so long been the boast of our country. But it is not merely in attracting foreign visitors to our capital that the monuments of art which it contains have been of beneficial service. When the force of circumstances has brought those foreigners in hostile array amongst us, how much have not these monuments served to withhold them from outrages which they might otherwise have committed! At the sight of your edifices—of the statues of your great men—the invaders have felt imbued with reverence.—They have admired—respected them;—they have retired without violating that sanctity which, in the eye of true heroism, ever

* In France, there is no *Literary Property Protection Bill*, as in England, obliging an author to give copies of his work for nothing.

enshrouds the monuments which art has reared to recollections of glory.

With respect to the expense of importing marbles from Italy, it is right to observe, that these marbles are not exclusively appropriated to Paris; a considerable part of them are destined for the embellishment of the departments. It is out of the marbles received from Italy, that the Minister of the Interior has given the city of Strasburgh a block for the statue of the illustrious Kleber. It is out of these marbles, also, that statues have been formed for Pascal at Clermont, for Bossuet at Dijon, for Racine at Laon, for Corneille at Rouen, for Le Fontaine at Chateau-Thierry, and for Montesquieu at Bourdeaux. All France, in short, has profited, more or less, by their importation.

M. Keratry.—God forbid, gentlemen, that a deputy of one of the most populous, but least opulent departments of France, (Finisterre,) should propose to you any addition to the expenses of the state; nor less ought to be his scruples in proposing to you reductions which would affect subsidies destined to the encouragement of the arts and sciences. Arrived at that degree of civilization which at present distinguishes Europe, it would be setting ourselves against the course of things, to oppose that thirst after instruction which so universally prevails among all classes of society. All that I could presume to suggest to you, gentlemen, is a slight change in the allocation of the proposed grant. I wish to state, in a few words, the grounds of the amendment I intend to propose, but without wishing to raise any doubt as to the propriety of the vote, in a general point of view. To be sparing in promoting the arts among a people such as the French, is to detract from the glory of a great nation. Our observatories in the departments are destitute of instruments. The Professor of Astronomy at Montpellier, situated under one of the serenest skies in France, has in vain solicited certain essential instruments from the Bureau of Longitude. He has not been able to procure more than one. Another Frenchman of distinguished merit, who has succeeded in discovering the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the Oasis of Lybia, and of finding again the famous emerald mines of the ancients, in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea, was directed by government to proceed on a mission of discovery into Africa. He made an application to the Bureau of Longitude for instruments: the only answer they could give him was, their best wishes for the success of his journey. It may be safely affirmed, that out of Paris rules, in our sea-ports, and in our cities of the south, there are not four instruments which are of any use in making observations; and this is the country of a Lerebours, a Bregnet, and a Fortin!

The Royal Society of London publishes annually, with a remarkable punctuality, two volumes of Memoirs. The Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, has published only one volume of Memoirs since 1812! The reason is, that the printer to the academy, being obliged to print at his own risk, and to give a great number of copies for nothing to the Institute and public libraries, could not indemnify himself for the expense of publication. However, with an annual aid of 6,000 francs, he might be able every year to publish two volumes of Memoirs of the Academy, and this learned body would not see itself eclipsed by the Society, its rival in scientific, but its superior in financial resources*.

* M. Keratry seems not aware that the expense of printing the

Since the last organization of the Institute, the repartition of the sums allotted to the four academies has been so changed, that the Academy of Sciences, formerly the best, is now the least endowed; it is burdened with debts which it can only discharge by long economy, and has not one centime to spare for an experiment.

In order to remedy these serious inconveniences, all that would be necessary, would be an annual augmentation to the funds of the Academy, of 12,000 francs, for the printing of its Memoirs,—for experiments,—and for instruments. It would also be necessary to make a like augmentation of 12,000 francs, in the grant to the Bureau of Longitude, in order that it may be able to supply the observatories of the departments with all the apparatus requisite for great discoveries; as also to furnish learned travellers and navigators, (at least at a moderate price,) with such instruments as might enable them to combine objects of science with the other purposes of their peregrinations.

These 24,000 francs, considering the state of our finances, might be taken, in equal proportions, out of the 240,000 francs demanded for the purchase and transport of marbles, monuments, and statues, and out of the 220,000 francs demanded for contingent expenses.

The Keeper of the Seals.—I request permission to make one observation. The administration will certainly consider itself bound to keep in mind all that has been just said; but you must be very sensible, that what is proposed is an act purely administrative. Besides, the honourable member has not been correctly informed; for, in the distribution of the money allotted to the Institute, it happens that the Academy of Sciences gets 117,000 francs, and the French Academy only 76,000 francs.

The amendment of M. Rodet was then put and rejected.

The proposition of M. Keratry was also rejected; and a grant for the Sciences and Fine Arts, of the full amount originally proposed, was passed without a division.

Original Correspondence.

COCKNEYISM VINDICATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As you have already been so indulgent as to permit me to occupy a corner of your pages, twice already, in defence of Cockneyism, I shall make no apology for sending you this, my last letter, and shall, therefore, proceed to notice a few more cockneyisms, for which, however much censured, some apology may be offered.

'This here—that there.'

These are perfect Gallicisms, of which we have numbers in our English language which pass unnoticed. 'This here' and 'that there' are the *ce-ci* and the *ce-la* of the French, in the most unquestionable shape, and are intended, in both languages, to carry with them force and energy, and to preclude the possibility of mistake or misapprehension.

'Ourn, yourn, hern, hisn, &c.'

Ourn and *yourn* are actual Saxon pronouns possessive; for the Saxon *ure*, (our,) in the nominative case, has for

Memoirs of the Royal Society of London, is always more than compensated by the number of copies that meet with a ready sale, after all the members and public libraries have been gratuitously supplied. It is a fair conclusion, that the number of scientific readers is greater in Britain than in France.

its accusative, *urne*; and the Saxon pronoun *eower*, (your,) gives, in the accusative, *eowerne*; and nothing is necessary to warrant the use of them, but a mutation of case. That the Cockneys have fabricated the corresponding words, *hern* and *hishn*, (for the sake of uniformity we suppose,) is readily conceded.

'*Shall us.*'

In this instance the Londoners may certainly be brought in guilty; but yet they may be recommended to mercy, the crime originating from nothing more than practice, founded on inattention; and yet I can bring forward something material in extenuation of the offence committed by the Cockney.

The accusative case, instead of the nominative, is to be discovered in various familiar expressions little attended to, being, from their frequency, less glaring and perceptible, though in fact equally arraignable. '*Let him do it himself,*' or '*let him speak for himself,*' and several other such phrases, may be adduced as instances. In the New Testament we find, '*Whom do men say that I am?*' '*Whom say ye that I am?*' and '*Whom think ye that I am?*' And from profane writers numerous instances may be selected:—

'*Apemantus. Art thou proud yet?*'

Timon. Aye, that I am not thee.'

Timon of Athens, Act iv. sc. 3.

'*Is she as tall as me?*'

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act iii. sc. 3.

Again,

'*That which once was thee.*' *Prior.*

'*Time was when none would cry, that oaf was me.*' *Dryden.*

But written authority, and even that of Shakespeare himself, may be produced in favour of the Cockney's '*shall us.*' When Fidele, in the play of *Cymbeline*, is supposed to be dead, old Guiderius says, '*Let us bury him!*' to which Arviragus replies, '*where shall us lay him?*' Again; in the *Winter's Tale*, Hermione, no less a personage than the queen, says seriously to the king, (for herself and attendants,) '*shall us attend you?*'

I might also bring forward numerous instances where the nominative is substituted for the accusative, but this is not necessary to the extenuation of the Cockney's '*shall us?*'

'*Postes and posteses, for posts.*'

So also *ghostes* and *ghosteses*; *beastès* and *beasteses*. The first words in these three instances are ancient plurals preserved by old Scottish writers, as in *Gawin Douglas's* translation of *Virgil*, &c. *Mistès*, a dyssyllable for *mists* is used by Shakespeare, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. As to *pòsteses*, *ghòsteses*, &c. they are heedless pleonasm; but the contraction of the old plurals (*hostès* and *ghostès*, to *posts* and *ghosts*) is refinement, and rests with us.

But, after all, the most striking and offensive error in pronunciation among the Londoners lies in the transpositional use of the letters *v* and *w*, ever to be heard where there is any possibility of inventing them. As an extreme instance of this metamorphose we give the following short dialogue said to have passed between a citizen and his servant:—

Citizen—Villiam, I vants my vig.

Servant—Vitch vig, sir?

Citizen—Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday veek at the westry.

* Act iv. sc. 2.

† Act i. sc. 2.

It is by no means my intention to attempt a full vindication of incongruities like this, but I may be permitted to offer a few words in extenuation. In some of our old authors we find instances of the *u* being substituted for the *v*, as in the Romance of *Sir Cleges*, a legend of the fifteenth century, we have '*down*' for '*down*'; *neweltie*, for novelty; *swoungying*, and *wowe*, for vow, as '*To God I make a wowe.*' In an Harleian MS., in the British Museum, of the poems of *Thomas Skelton*, Poet Laureate to *Henry VIII.*, in his own hand writing, such instances are pretty numerous; thus we find *laugh* for *laugh*; *sur-waye*, for survey, and *dewowerer* for devourer.

Another transposition of the cockneys is that of the *w* for *h* in compound words, for instance, such as *neighbourhood*, *widowhood*, *knighthood*, which they pronounce *neighbourwood*, *widowwood*, *knightwood*, and the last of these words is so spelt in *Dr. Fuller's Church History*, and in *Rymer's Fœdera*. All that can be said on these unpleasant pronunciations taken together is, that letters of the same organ of speech have been mutually exchanged in several languages. In the Province of *Gascoigne*, in France, the natives substitute the letters *b* and *v* for each other, which occasioned *Joseph Scaliger* to say of them—'*Felices Populi quibus, bibere est vivere.*'

In conclusion, I would beg to observe, that whether I may have been successful in proving the antiquity of cockneyism, and refuting the assertion that the moderns had corrupted the language of their ancestors, or not, I by no means recommend these peculiarities as elegancies, but the contrary; and I should be extremely sorry if I were the cause of extending their use to a single individual, or lengthening it a single hour.

I am, &c. &c.

X.

ON MONOSYLLABIC WRITING; OR, READING MADE EASY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I think it would be well for all, if our mode of speech could be made more plain, as well in what we write as what we say,—so that each might read as he runs. I know there are those who will laugh at this, but why should they? Do you not think, sir, if we had books for the poor, wrote off hand, in short words, it would make the old try to learn to read, who now can not spell one word, and fear to think of such a thing; and the young,—do you not think, the young,—full grown girls and boys—would try hard to learn their A, B, C, if they were told, that when they had got those pat, or by heart, as they were wont to say, when I was at school,—do you not think, sir, that there are of this class who would learn, if they knew such books would be of use to them, and would give them joy or heart's ease when they had time to spare, and would cheer the dull hours of life: tell them, 'when you can read short words, not one of which need be so long as your *tongue*, nor so hard to spell,—when you can do this, you shall have books,—on love, on dreams, on dress, and so on,—which shall be of use to you to guide you through the world, and help you when you need help, and be a friend to you,—and who knows not the worth of a friend in a time of need?—that shall teach you to be good and wise, and ease your mind when full of care, and sooth your pains, and fit you to go in peace to your grave;' and what can we wish for more?—Yes, sir, I

* *Bohun's Geog. Dict.* article *Gascoigne*.

do think, if we were to write books on this plan, men might shew more wit, all would learn with more ease, the young would smile where they now cry, and the rest, kept more free from care, by this plain scheme, would grow old in peace, and thank you and those who write books of this kind for them, till the last hour of life*.

I am, Sir, your friend,

D. G.

BOB SHORT.

ON EMIGRATION.

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT, NORTH AMERICA.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE climate of the Red River Settlement is most healthful: the winter commences at the end of November, and terminates about the middle of April. During the winter months there is a fine clear atmosphere, with a continued frost, and without any of those fogs and that humidity of atmosphere with which this country is visited. The labours of the husbandman are carried on during this season. The summers are warm, and vegetation of surprising rapidity; wheat, sown in May, has been eaten as bread in the August following.

The laws are similar to those of England, and are administered by officers appointed under the authority of the Hudson's Bay charter.

The houses at present occupied by the settlers are built of oak; but as prosperity increases, those of brick and stone will be substituted. A wind-mill has been erected, and as facilities are afforded, it is contemplated to erect both grist and saw mills on the streams. Hemp and flax grow luxuriantly. There are already mechanics of different descriptions at the settlement; but room is afforded for the employment of a vast number of others, including carpenters, black-smiths, cabinet-makers, weavers, tanners, curriers, shoe-makers, potters, brick makers, saddlers, flax-dressers, &c. all of whom, by combining with their trades agricultural pursuits, must soon become independent.

The superabundant produce of the settlement will for many years be no more than sufficient for the consumption of the fur traders, who at present have a very scanty supply of grain, most of which comes from Europe, but hereafter large exports may be anticipated.

Hitherto the settlements of land have been proportioned to the ability of the settlers, from fifty to one hundred acres; but of course larger quantities may be had. It has also been the practice for Lord Selkirk to take out settlers at his own expense, the settlers undertaking to reimburse him for this first charge out of the profits of their labours. This liberal arrangement is at least a sufficient guarantee of the confidence with which the noble lord views the ultimate success of the establishments.

Implements of agriculture are made at the settlement, from the most approved models sent from Europe. The country is capable of raising its own seeds; but lest, in the infant state of the colony, there should not be enough to supply the demand, large quantities are sent thither from England, Canada, and the United States.

The domestic animals at present on the spot, are not numerous, but several head are about to be conveyed thither. Hogs and sheep thrive exceedingly.

* Our Correspondent has given a practical illustration of his plan, as every word in his letter is a monosyllable.—ED.

The traffic with the Indians consists of buffalo, venison, dried berries, wild rice, maple-sugar, dressed leather, and moccasins, (a species of shoe made of the untanned skins of the deer.)

The mode of conveyance for emigrants, is by the Hudson's Bay ships, which will sail from this country in May. They proceed to York Factory, and from thence in boats of from twenty-four to thirty-two feet keel, to Kildonan, up the Hill River, to Lake Winnipeg, and thus to the Red River. There are about twenty postages, over which the boats are pushed on rollers. Some of them are not more than twenty yards in length, and the whole difficulties encountered in the passage up is comprised in a space of three miles. There is about three hundred and fifty miles of smooth rivers and small lakes, of easy navigation, and three hundred miles through Lake Winnipeg. At Lake Winnipeg, mill-stones, and every other description of hard stone, may be procured in abundance. These are brought up to the settlement in a schooner, which the settlers have built.

There are already two catholic priests in the settlement, and a protestant clergyman and his family take their passage thither next May. Schools have been established for the education of the children.

There is no restriction as to cutting timber, or to the enjoyment of any of the advantages which the country presents.

Hardware of all kinds and implements, are issued to the settlers from a public store, on credit and at a moderate price. At the end of the harvest, each settler returns to the store his overplus produce, for which he receives credit against any debt he may have incurred; or he may obtain, in exchange, clothing or luxuries which his own farm does not produce.

Families may distil a sufficient quantity of spirits for their own consumption; the Highlanders distil excellent whiskey.

The natives are extremely friendly, and express great happiness in the prospect of an increased number of settlers, as they will be enabled trade with more advantage, and without the fear of that tyranny which was exercised over them by the north-west fur traders.

Towards the close of the year arrangements will be made for taking out five hundred new emigrants, and Lord Selkirk, at the present moment, is receiving propositions from persons anxious to remove to a place holding out so many inducements to a permanent residence.

With regard to other places to which emigration seems desirable, the Cape of Good Hope presents itself next in the scale of eligibility. The climate of this part of Africa has been deservedly eulogized by every traveller by whom it has been visited, and by none with more zeal than by Lord Valencia. It is said to be in a great measure similar to the climate of Italy. Lord Valencia also observes, that there is no soil in the world superior to that in the neighbourhood of the Cape, for the growth of wheat, and expresses much surprise that our government should not have taken steps to promote so important a speculation. Other travellers, who perhaps may not have been so observant as the noble lord, are not equally communicative on the subject, and, indeed, describe the situations suited to agricultural labours as isolated spots, standing amidst plains of sand of immense extent, over which it requires

the united efforts of ten or twelve oxen to draw an ordinary sized waggon. The Rev. Mr. Latrobe's Journal of a Visit to South Africa, in 1815 and 1816, published during the last year, contains some information on this subject, and gives very interesting details of the missionary settlements already established in those regions, as well as points out eligible spots for new settlements of the same nature. His work, however, is so replete with anecdotes of the dangers incurred by the incursions of wild beasts, among which the tiger is the most formidable, that we apprehend some pains will be necessary to reconcile Englishmen, however unhappily situated at home, to take up their abode amidst such dangerous inhabitants. But we are by no means inclined to think, that his Majesty's ministers have any real intention to afford facilities to the removal of emigrants to this place. It is true, that, on the very last day of the sessions of Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer came down to the House of Commons, and, in a very plausible manner, suggested the expediency of assisting the views of those disposed to emigrate from their native country, by conveying them, free of expense, to the fertile plains of Africa, and, for this purpose, he moved an address to the Prince Regent, praying a grant of £50,000! The smallness of this sum at once stamps the character of the measure; £50,000 would not be more than sufficient for the conveyance of one thousand individuals to the Cape—a number which might be spared, and not be missed, out of any one of our populous parishes in London. A circular has since been published on this subject, which still more strongly confirms our notion of the disinclination of government to encourage emigration; for, from this document, it appears, that no man can be taken out who cannot command a capital of at least £10, which is to be deposited—as a security, we presume, for his good behaviour—at the Colonial office at home, independent of the clothing and outfits which it will be necessary for him to possess upon such an occasion;—and then, when he actually arrives upon his farm, he is immediately left to shift for himself. That such a plan can be of no avail to the starving thousands of this distressed kingdom is but too manifest; and, we are sorry to say, it is equally manifest, that the whole is but a scheme framed by a few capitalists, who conceive that, by such means, they may be enabled to realize a handsome fortune at the expense of their fellow citizens. That it should have been adopted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not at all surprising; the state to which the country has been reduced, as well as the appeals to the feelings of humanity which are directed from all quarters, rendered it necessary that at least a disposition should be shewn to do something,—and hence this notable proposition. The right hon. gentleman forms but a shallow opinion of the people of this country, however, if he supposes they are to be amused by such shadowy devices. Had it been intended to afford real assistance to our super-abundant population, the sum granted would have been twenty times that which has been proposed, and even then would fall far short of what would be really necessary. The different parishes, finding that government was in earnest, would then have come forward, and, by the exercise of that benevolent and liberal spirit, for which the people of this country have, on all occasions, been distinguished, we should, in a short time, have found the tears of our distressed labourers changed into smiles of harmony and content; for no man can deny,

that there are territories in our possession now lying waste, in which abundant opportunity is afforded for the employment of ten times the whole population of Great Britain. That some such plan may yet be adopted is our sincere wish; and that it is absolutely necessary no man, who views the present state of society in its proper colours, can deny. Were the philanthropic efforts of Lord Selkirk aided by those who possess similar means, much might be done for the happiness of at least a few of our fellow creatures. The circle in which a benefit is conferred, however small, must still afford the highest gratification to a benevolent mind.

Of New South Wales, which is also spoken of as a desirable retreat for the emigrant, we gave some account in our last number. The well known prejudices existing against such a transportation, however, added to the length of the voyage, seems to place that part of the world in an unfavourable point of view.

Upper and Lower Canada were allowed, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be unfavourable to agricultural pursuits,—they are so, in some degree; but the true objection to these situations is, that from their proximity to the United States, the labourers, rather than waste their lives in clearing forests, fly to lands, which, like those of Red River, require nothing but the application of the plough and the hoe, and thus become immediately productive.

D.

CRIMINAL LAWS.

FROM the very able and luminous speech of Sir James Mackintosh, in the House of Commons, on the subject of the criminal laws, it appears that, however the people of England may have been oppressed by distress, and however they may have been driven by indigence to the commission of crimes of minor importance, they have not lost their ancient character for humanity, for repugnance to shedding blood, for abhorrence of cruelty. To that character, untainted by any temptation, which the circumstances of the times might have been supposed to generate, they are now, as ever, entitled; and whatever the population of this country may have lost, it has not lost a particle of that dearest and most valuable of its possessions—its reputation for national humanity. Sir James justified the accuracy of Lord Castlereagh's statement, that crimes of an atrocious and violent character have very materially diminished in this country, by a reference to the returns which the Committee received from the home circuit. It appears from thence, that the number of convictions for murder and executions are as follow:—

	Convicted.	Executed.
From 1688 to 1718	123	87
From 1755 to 1784	67	57
From 1784 to 1814	54	44

It also appears, from the same return, that the number of convictions for murder in the city of London was—

From the year 1754 to 1784	71
From the year 1784 to 1814	66
And, in the years 1815, 1816, and 1817, only	9
Whereas, in the three preceding years, it was	14

and he infers, from calculation, that it is 500,000 to one against the murder of any individual in the metropolis—a chance so remote, that a very small premium indeed would be required to cover the risk by those who engage in pecuniary speculations on such subjects.

THE SEA SERPENT.

THE Editors of the American newspapers are again amusing their readers with long stories about the Sea-Serpent. Upwards of fifty persons have, during the last two years, made affidavits that they have seen this monster, and yet their accounts are so contradictory, that there is no reliance to be placed on them, and the existence of such a creature might be fairly questioned, had not better evidence been furnished to prove the fact.

In Hans Egede's account of Greenland, lately published, we find a description of a Sea-Monster, worth a regiment like the Cape Ann Snake, even taking the latter to be according to the most formidable description of him. After speaking of three sorts of sea animals, mentioned in Torkader's History of Greenland, he says—'But none of them have been seen by us, or any of our time, that ever I could hear, save that most dreadful monster, that shewed itself upon the surface of the water, in the year 1734, off our new colony in 64 degrees. This monster was of so huge a size that, coming out of the water, its head reached as high as the mast-head; its body was as bulky as the ship, and three or four times as long. It had a long pointed snout, and spouted like a whale-fish; great broad paws, and the body seemed covered with shell work, its skin very rugged and uneven. The under part of its body was shaped like an enormous huge serpent, and, when it dived again under water, it plunged backwards into the sea, and so raised its tail aloft, which seemed a whole ship's length from the bulkiest part of the body.'

Hans Egede, above mentioned, was a Danish missionary at Greenland, resident there from the year 1721 to 1736. His biographer says, 'his conduct as a missionary deserves the highest praise.' After his return to Denmark, 'he composed a grammar and a dictionary in the language of Greenland, into which he translated the New Testament, for the use of the mission and the benefit of the natives.'

Original Poetry.

IPHIGENIA OF TIMANTHES*.

BREATHES that fair form, so saddened yet resign'd,
Stamp'd by some demi-god of heavenly mind;
'Tis life, yet lives not, too divine for earth,
It claims communion with angelic birth;
See how, in silent prayer, she trembling stands;
Mild in her woe, with clasped imploring hands,
Nor day of hope now cheers her peerless breast,
Save that which dawns beyond the realms of rest;
Pale placid life seems breathing o'er her face;
In the last languor of departing grace
Drops from her dewy eye the glist'ning tear,
Pure as the angel's of some hallow'd sphere!
And, as her veil translucent falls below,
It bares that neck just raised to meet the blow;
While all her opening joys she leaves—to wed
The cold embrace—the slumbers of the dead.
Fair as the lily's bloom, and still more fair,
Looks the pale virgin;—in her latest prayer,

* In a former number of the LITERARY CHRONICLE, (p. 100,) we inserted a poem on this subject, written, like this, for the Newdigate Prize, at Oxford. The author of the former has sent us another that he had written, which is by no means inferior to the one we have already printed.—ED.

With pensive gaze she lifts her lucid eye
On him, for whom she only weeps to die;
Now strives each effort of her drooping frame
To breathe the accents of his once-loved name,
And wake the slumber of his frozen tears
By the bright mem'ry of her spotless years.—
But all in vain,—nor can those looks control
The icy torpor which congealed his soul,
While the same glance, with melting radiance given,
Pierces the inmates of her native heaven.

Now blanched with woe and buried in amaze,
The frantic virgins lift their 'wilder'd gaze;
Their long loose tresses, streaming thro' the air,
Bespeak the tumult of their minds' despair;
Now direful Calchas, warming into life,
Undaunted holds the half beseeching knife;
And stern Ulysses, maddening in dismay,
Sighs with dread grief his manly soul away;
Last rests the sire, without one cheering beam
To light the darkness of his life's bleak dream:
Keen was the pang, when, oh! he could not save,
His pleading daughter from the silent grave;
But sunk in woe, and with envelop'd eye,
He droops his head in senseless agony.

And thou, Timanthes, with thy wond'rous art,
Could'st not unfold the anguish of that heart;
And tho' thy life-touch breath'd both joy and pain,
Raising the wither'd dead to earth again,
That tortur'd form thou could'st not there reveal,
Too great to picture, too acute to feel,—
And in the phrensied wildness of despair,
Veild'st the dark woe to sleep for ever there.

B.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE ROSE-BUD.

I thought me a rose-bud on a dew-drop sleeping,
When the sun arose and kiss'd it away;
The rosebud blush'd, and I left it weeping,
As I changed to a beautiful ray
From the heaven to the earth,
In my brilliant birth,
I lit on the rose-bud anon,—
O! its beauty was spread,—
But a worm on it fed,
And, thought I, love, how soon will thy beauty be gone!
Thou art just like a nymph on her bridal day,
Who is blushing and coy in her innocent joy,
But is prey'd on by sickness and pines away.
While I linger'd, a cloud 'neath the blue sky was low'ring,
And shaded me back into heavenly light;
The wind was abroad, and the shining rain showering,
To refresh the fair world with its liquid delight,
And the cloud dropped away,
And my beautiful ray,
With millions of others like me,
On the pure sky glanced,
By refraction entranc'd,
Semicircling an arch from the zone to the sea:
So changing the prospects of men, thought I,
They are clouded and gay, like the rain and the ray,
Till life's vision deludes them, alas! and they die.
Yet the sun still exulted, and westwardly kneeling,
Beam'd over the face of his natural love;
He withdrew from the sky our poetical feeling,
And Evening advancing her stars lit above;
O! 'twas placidly light!
For the moon was in white,
With our solar attraction which keeps her so clear,—
And I thought in this mirth
Of the rose-bud of earth,

And descending in mist, O! how softly I kiss'd
 Its sweet petals again, melting into a tear!
 And I deem'd hearts are thus, howsoever they rove,
 Stealing back to the bosoms of lovers they love.
Islington Green, May 29.

INVOCATION TO MADNESS.

Now all is still
 Around me,
 An icy chill
 Hath bound me;
 Young love lies dead
 In my breast's cold bed,
 And despair with thorns hath crown'd me!
 Come Madness!
 And let me laugh with thee;
 Thy gladness
 Eludes life's misery.
 Thou shalt create me a bower of bliss;
 Thou shalt create me a maiden fair;
 And I'll sip
 From her lip
 The melting kiss,
 And play with her waving hair!
 Thou shalt create me a palace of gold;
 Thou shalt create me a friend that's true;
 And he ever shall wear youth's rosy hue,
 And his friendship shall never grow cold!
 And I'll sit all night
 In lonely delight,
 And fancy my groans
 Are his soothing tones!
 Oh, Madness! come, and cheat me of sorrow,
 Let me thy motley creations borrow;
 And, while the world is with anguish weeping,
 And worms o'er the proudest dead are creeping,
 And Sensibility's souls of fire
 Hourly chill and in woe expire,
 I shall be gay
 In the gloom of night,—
 For I'll fancy 'tis day
 In the world's despite,
 And revel and riot in wild delight!
 Free'd from the fetters the world imposes,
 Gay Fancy shall turn all its thorns to roses,
 For Reason is ever Care's gloomy cell,
 And Madness the mansion where bright dreams dwell!

P.

Y. F.

Fine Arts.

CANOVA.

THE polished style of this most celebrated sculptor has justly raised him to a most distinguished rank upon the continent. His taste is equal to his science and his learning is apparent in the critical distinctions and appropriate emblems of his works. Almost all his attempts are correct and chaste. The sovereigns of Europe have honoured him with the most flattering condescension. The Pope liberally conferred upon him a title and fortune, in consequence of the fame which he has so justly acquired. Endued with a warm attachment to the fine arts, Canova immediately endowed an institution for their progress and encouragement, and enriched academies with the splendid income annexed to his barony. Can we sufficiently applaud such conduct? Some may term it enthusiasm; but they should remember that the produce of the works of this artist must be more than sufficient to enable

him to support the dignity of his title, if such be his intention. His Hebe displays the slender beauty of youth, and that enchanting elegance, which even in marble breathes, and moves our souls. The spotless stone speaks eloquence. Her form is irresistibly enchanting. Her flowing vesture, without disagreeable and unnatural closeness, displays the fine figure, the soft form, and the faultless symmetry, which characterize this divine original of angelic sweetness. How does the polished surface catch the light and swell the shades of nature! The round shoulders, the graceful proportion, the matchless arm, how naturally bland! How accurately true! A celestial beam of chastity illumines her visage. A tender grace sits with expressless sweetness on her beauteous lip worthy of her office; her's is the cup of bounty, her's is the step of generosity!

The Terpsichore of this artist possesses very superior merit, and is duly appreciated by all her beholders; the pleasing melody which seems to inspire her soul is very impressive.

The bust of Paris is warm and beautiful; the benign goodness which governs his features is truly expressive. His open yet modest lip speaks sentimental truth and undisturbed complacency. His dallying ringlets, playing under the pyramidal hood, with which his head is covered, increase the interest of his countenance.—The idea of a half finger inserted in the side of the hood is novel and interesting. Allowing for the position, the shoulder may be too much risen, but the *tout ensemble* possesses genuine attraction.

The head of Perseus is also invested with the pyramidal hood, with the addition of a projection on each side, and two wings and two ears inclining to the front. The wings are evidently disproportionate with the ears. I do not admire the hairy appearance of the front part of the hood, when joined with the wings, and ears springing as it were out of it—Such parts are, in my opinion, incongruous. But I cannot sufficiently eulogise the grandeur of the countenance and commanding strength of the features, indicative of dignified spirit and animated vigour—The thickness of the back part of the nose well defines the intended majesty of soul; every feature performs its office; every stroke glows with fervour.

J. P. T.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—This theatre closed, for the season, on Monday night, with the tragedy of *Hamlet*. An additional interest was given to the performance by the knowledge that Mr. Young, who played the Prince of Denmark, was retiring from the London stage, and that this would be his farewell effort. We certainly never saw the talents of this very excellent actor displayed to greater advantage, which did not a little increase the regret which every lover of the drama must feel, when the stage is to be deprived of so distinguished a tragedian and so amiable a gentleman. *God save the King* was sung, in compliment to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who were present, after which, Mr. Fawcett came forward and delivered a farewell address, remarkable for nothing but its blunders and ungrammatical construction; the following is a specimen—'The execution of the most beautiful of Mozart's music with the utmost precision and effect, is a

proof that what has hitherto been the *sole* [exclusive] pride and boast of foreign *talent*, is likewise attainable to *genius* and *capacity*.—What a disgraceful specimen is this of the slovenliness and bad taste exhibited in the first of our national theatres.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—What a splendid decorations, Russian stoves, and gas lights, to the attractions of the 'Little Theatre in the Haymarket!' Here, notwithstanding the want of ornament in the building, the inconvenience of its construction, and the heat of the dog days, we always find ourselves more agreeably and more rationally entertained than at any other theatre in London. Thalia has marked this house as her own, and her votaries know this and honour it. The season commenced on Tuesday with an excellent company; the play was the *Soldier's Daughter*, a piece too well known to need critical remark; the part of the Widow Cheerly by an old favourite, Mrs. Edwin, who was greeted most enthusiastically, and proved that her talents have suffered no deterioration during her absence. Jones played Frank with his usual animation, and Liston, in Timothy Quaint, was as ludicrous as ever.

A new farce, entitled *Wet Weather*, which possesses an infinite deal of humour, closed the entertainments of the evening. Liston, as an upstart illiterate baronet, who wishes to become fashionable and accomplished, and, yet more, the husband of a beautiful young lady, had a multitude of whimsical things to utter. In attempting to articulate the letter *h*, he declared his difficulty in *exasperating*, and talked of his yeomanry corps *manuring* over the whole of the field! Jones, as the scheming lover, who triumphs over the scheming baronet, was a fruitful source of merriment; the mischievous servant was well sustained by J. Russell; and Miss Beaumont, from Covent Garden Theatre, and formerly of the Surrey, made a most successful debut as the heroine. Excessive laughter and *showers* of applause signified the pleasure with which the audience received the excellent farce of *Wet Weather*.—The theatre has been newly painted, and presents a neat but unostentatious appearance.

ENGLISH OPERA.—The manager of this theatre promises to run a rapid race with all the other houses in the production of novelty;—four new pieces have been produced already, and, what is more remarkable, they have all been successful. On Monday night, a new melo-drama was acted for the first time, entitled *Self Sacrifice, or the Maid of the Cottage*, founded on a beautiful tale by Madame Genlis, and previously dramatized at Drury Lane, under the title of *The Heroine, or a Daughter's Courage*. It is got up in the true melodramatic style,—'hair-breadth 'scapes,' dungeons, daggers, tempests, and shipwreck, with songs in situations where, and by persons who might be expected to do any thing rather than sing: it is, nevertheless, a very interesting piece, and, by the excellent acting of Miss Kelly as the heroine, and Mr. T. P. Cooke as the assassin, (what would a melo-drama do without an assassin?) cannot fail of success. The music is pretty and the scenery beautiful.

When will the rage for mimicry cease!—Never, we fear, while it is more patronized than original talent; we really begin to get tired of this perpetual imitation of the peculiarities, and even personal defects, of our best performers, and are very sensible that the talent that is displayed in it is very little, and little deserving of encouragement; but, while it continues to be successful, we cannot censure the managers, for—

'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And who would live to please, must please to live.'

A new interlude, entitled, '*One, Two, Three, Four, Five, by Advertisement*,' was produced here, on Saturday night, for the purpose of introducing a new imitator of actors and imitators. This gentleman's name is Reeve; he is the same who played Sylvester Daggerwood the last night at Drury Lane, and afterwards at the Haymarket. There is more merit in this pleasant little entertainment than is usual in similar compositions, and Mr. Reeve, in his imitations, was very successful. He personated Farren in Sir Peter Teazle, Harley in Dr. Endall, Munden in Sam Dabbs, and Kean, Liston, and Mathews. Poor Liston's (hitherto conceived inimitable) face had protected him from all former imitators, but Mr. Reeve, more daring than the rest, ventured on this difficult task, and, in the song of 'Hope told a flattering Tale,' and the denunciatory exclamation of Lord Grizzle about the two dogs, hit off the peculiarities of this most admirable performer most closely. In Harley and Mathews he was equally fortunate, and, if his voice were as capable of variety as his face, he would not be inferior to the best mimic of his day.—We are happy to add, that the theatre is generally well attended.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—This theatre of amusing variety has continued a most prosperous season since Easter, although only two novelties have been produced: the one, *Hyppolita*, has been represented every night since the opening of the house; it is a piece dressed up with much magnificence, and affords ample scope for the introduction of the equestrian members of this company; and the catastrophe presents a scene of conflagration, noise, and slaughter rarely, if ever, equalled. The other, *Lammermuir*, has been lately brought out, and promises to be equally attractive. The decorations of the theatre are extremely beautiful, and the visitors abundantly numerous, and genteel withal.

THE ITALIANS.—We went on Saturday evening to hear Miss Macauley read Mr. Bucke's tragedy of *The Italians*, at the Freemason's Tavern: it was an arduous undertaking, and nothing less than critical severity could steel the heart against the fearful task of having to condemn a female; but our fears vanished as she proceeded; her readings, heightened by action, shewed the fullness of her powers, and the most interesting passages were given with peculiar excellence. In the scene where Manfredi introduces himself in disguise to Albanio, for the avowed purpose of delivering Naples to his vengeance, her abilities were loudly proclaimed by reiterated acclamations. Between intervals, Miss Scott performed select pieces on the piano with good taste, and was much applauded. The company were numerous, and we think Mr. Bucke must feel obliged to Miss Macauley for placing his tragedy so favourably before the public.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Paper from Beet Root.—A. M. Sinisen has published, at Copenhagen, an account of a series of experiments which he has made, for ascertaining the practicability of manufacturing paper from the pulp of beet root. As a proof of the success of his experiments, he has printed his work on paper manufactured from that material.

Egyptian Mummy.—Colonel Straton, of the Enniskillen dragoons, has presented to the Museum of the University of

Edinburgh, an Egyptian mummy in a very high state of preservation. It was brought from Thebes by the colonel himself, along with several other Egyptian remains, which he has also presented to the college. This mummy, to judge from its triple enclosure, rich and varied hieroglyphical ornaments, and situation when in Thebes, must be the body of a person of the highest rank, and which was probably consigned to the catacombs 3000 years ago.

In the Table of Terms and Returns, in Wing's Almanack for the present year, is an error, which, if passed unnoticed, may be productive of very serious consequences to the legal profession.

In stating the return-days in Michaelmas term, the Almanack stands thus:—

Nov. 6, Friday,	} but should be {	Nov. 6, Saturday,
15, Monday,		15, Monday,
22, Saturday,		22, Monday,
29, Saturday,		29, Monday,

Royal Observatory.—Observations on the Comet, July 18:—

Mean time	-	-	-	11 h. 34 min. 38.7 sec.
A. R.	-	-	-	7 h. 42 min. 10.5 sec.
North declension	-	-	51 deg. 49 min.	26 sec.
Longitude	-	-	3 s. 17 deg. 54 min.	41 sec.
Latitude, north	-	-	29 deg. 56 min.	10 sec.

From the former observations, the elements of the orbit of the Comet have been computed, by Mr. Charles Rumker, and are as follows:—

Time of the passage through the perihelion,	June 28, 3.658.
Longitude of the perihelion	9 s. 6 deg. 42 min. 36 sec.
Longitude of the node	9 s. 3 deg. 49 min. 24 sec.
Inclination of the orbit	80 deg. 15 min. 43 sec.
Perihelion distance, 0.3582 degrees,	the distance from the earth to the sun being unity.

The Comet still continues visible in the north; but it appears so very faint as to be scarcely perceptible.

Machinery.—Mr. Owen states, that 200,000 pair of hands, with machinery, spin as much cotton now, as, forty years ago, without machinery, would have employed twenty millions: and that the cotton spun in a year, at this time, in this country, would require, without machinery, at least *sixty millions* of labourers with single wheels; and further, that the quantity of manufacturing works of all sorts, done by the aid of machinery, in this nation, is such as would require, without that aid, the labour of at least *four hundred millions* of manufacturers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. D., and the Lines by J. A., are intended for insertion.

'My Uncle,' and the favour of C. W. F., are too long; we need scarcely remind them that 'brevity is the soul of wit.'

'My Grandfather,' and C. H. in our next.

We are much obliged to J. A. for the interest he takes in the LITERARY CHRONICLE, and can assure him, that we have invariably adhered to the promise in our title, of publishing it every Saturday morning, at six o'clock. We should be happy to be favoured with the names of any Newsmen who may endeavour to substitute another paper for the LITERARY CHRONICLE, or the names of our Subscribers with whom they have attempted it, and we will provide for their being regularly served with the Paper in future.

The First Part of the LITERARY CHRONICLE is published this day, price 5s. 6d. sewed, with an Index. In thus announcing the publication of our first part, we cannot omit returning our best thanks for the liberal patronage we have received, and assuring the public that no exertions shall be spared to render the LITERARY CHRONICLE all that its best friends could wish it. Although the LITERARY CHRONICLE is still in its infancy, and there are some inconveniences attendant on commencing a new publication, yet we refer to its pages with confidence, and trust we shall not be suspected of too much vanity, when we assert, that from the variety and importance of its contents, it may justly compete with any publication of the day. To persons resident in the country, and abroad, the First Part will be particularly acceptable.

Errata in our last, p. 142, col. 2, line 42, for 'prance,' read 'trance.'

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